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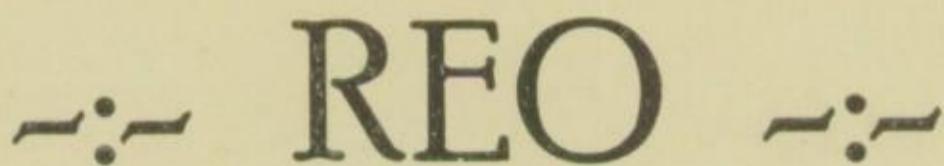
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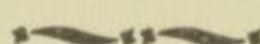
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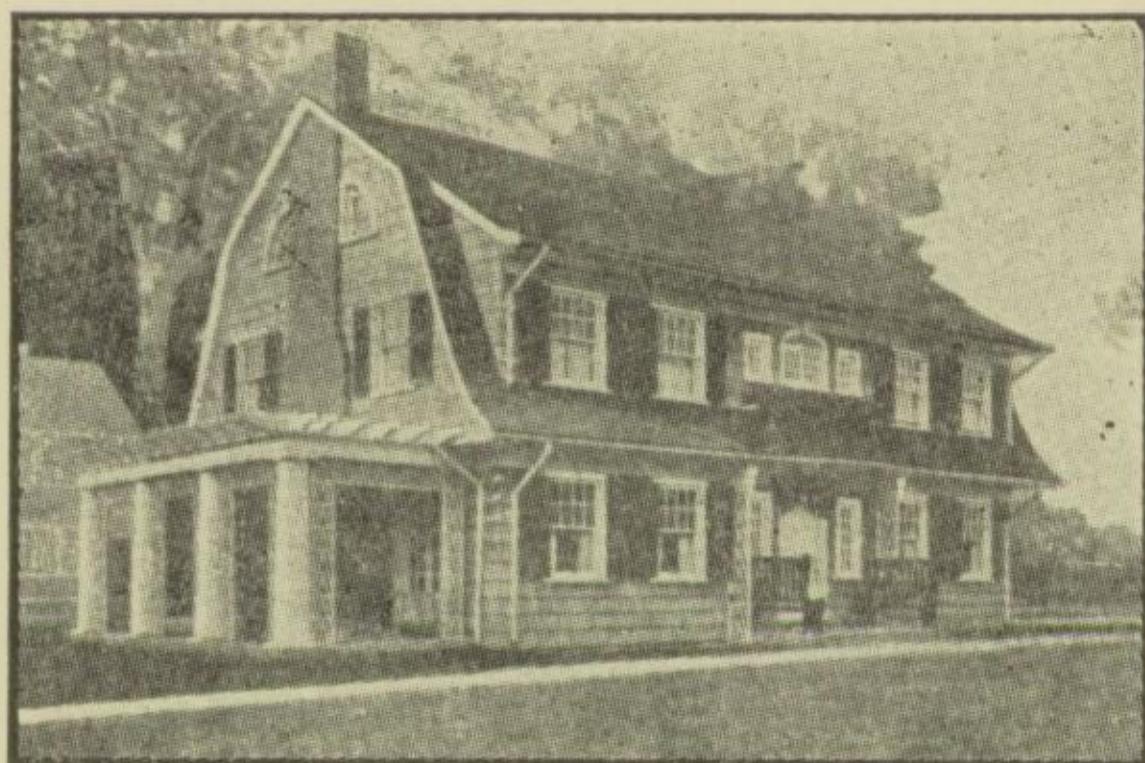
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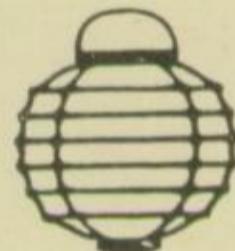
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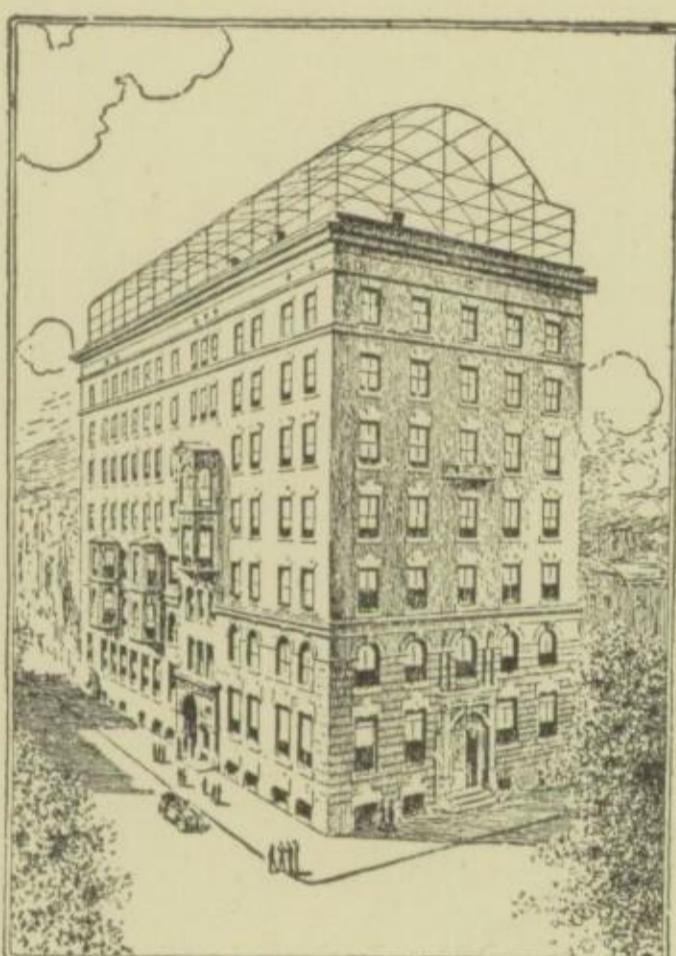
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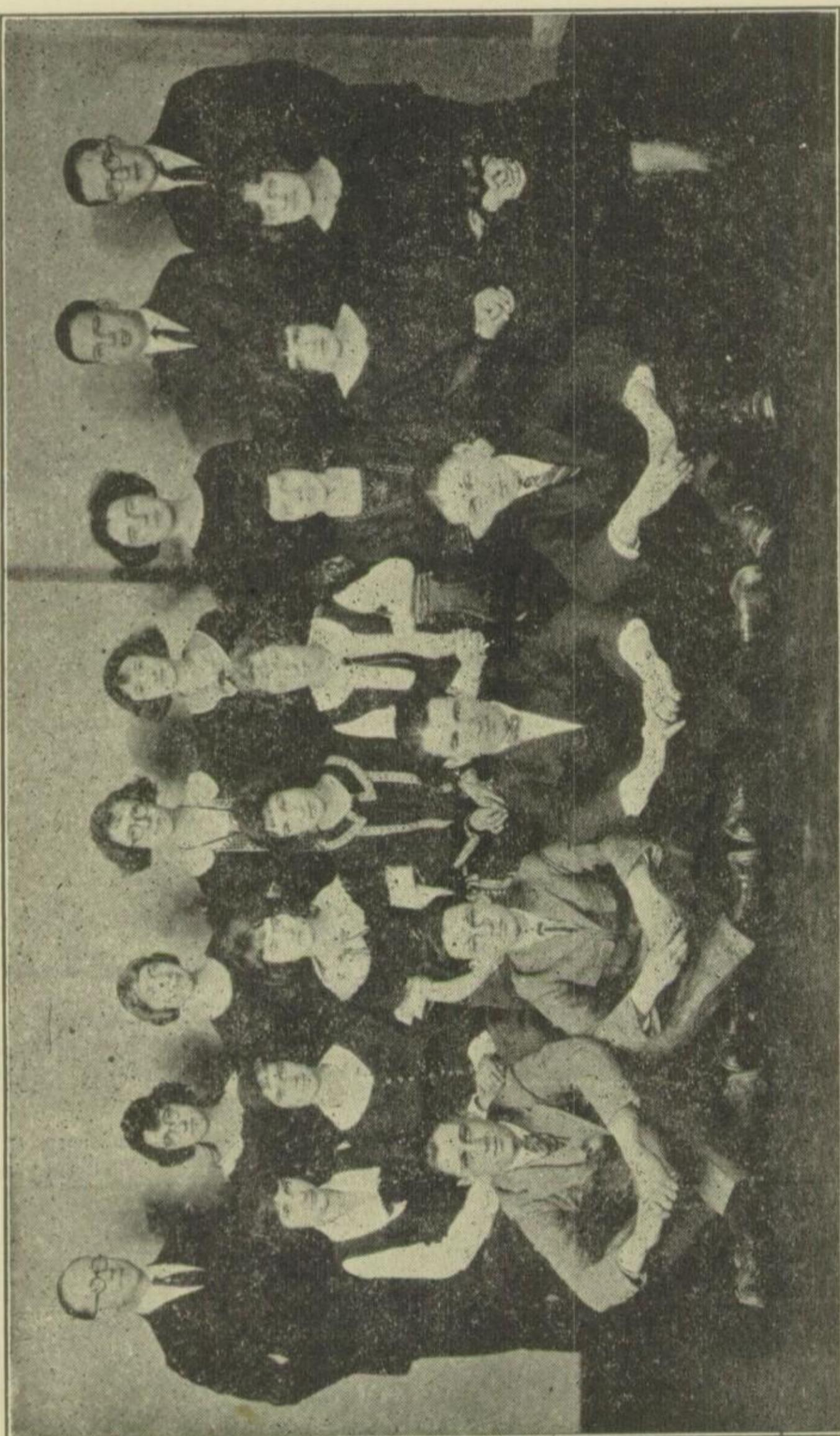
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Editorial



CLASS SPIRIT vs. SCHOOL SPIRIT

The admitted aim of every class in a high school, of every group in the class, and of every member of every group, is to evince his class spirit to the onlooking world. The methods of proving this possession to the interested or indifferent public (as the case may be) are many and varied.

High School students the world over, have had impressed upon them time and again by lecturers, essayists, and many others, the importance of, and method of showing, class spirit. However, these speakers and writers have failed to prevent very objectionable practices by which some members of every student body (and we are sorry to admit that ours is not an exception) attempt to convince us of their class spirit.

For example, at High School games, a certain group considers that their class is not sufficiently represented in the school team. Perhaps they do not believe that they have as much control as is their just due, over the cheering and supporting of the team. Therefore, they acquire a severe case of sulks and refuse to help support the team; either by not attending the games or by attending and refusing to cheer with the other students. This is just one example of so-called class spirit.

But this certainly is not the proper way to show it. It is not the kind of spirit that builds up a school, but on the contrary, the kind that undermines that more important factor of school life—School Spirit.

AN APPRECIATION

We consider this a fitting opportunity to express to our Board of Education our appreciation of the department of Physical Education which they have added to the High School curriculum.

We are sorry to have had our Domestic Science department eliminated, but, judging from the attendance at Physical Education classes, just as much, if not more interest has been aroused in this new form of education.

Then, too, it provides a class wherein the boys as well as the girls will be profited.

So, to the students, go to gym class. Don't cut it because you think you won't like it, but go and find out. We know from experience that it is interesting as well as beneficial. And, to the School Board. We thank you.



SENIORS

Then, last but by no means least, to the Seniors; for somehow, at this time of year, the Seniors seem to be the all important class, both to themselves and to others, (perhaps more to themselves).

Little do you now think of your green and callow days as Freshmen, your year as Sophomores making life miserable for everyone in general, or your Junior year, when your one ambition in life was to be Seniors.

Now you have attained the coveted position of Seniors, and have held it for the school year. During this time, you have found that it was not entirely the frolic that you expected, but that it encompassed concentrated work preparing you for life after High School days.

Now that you are about to enter upon that life, we wish you all future happiness, prosperity and success.

To the Class of 1924

In addition to knowing how a thorough education aids in increasing the amount opposite one's name on the pay roll, do you know that--

Less than 1 per cent. of American men have been college graduates. Yet this group of men has furnished.

55	per cent.	of our Presidents
54	"	of the Vice-Presidents
36	"	of the Members of Congress
62	"	of the Secretaries of State
50	"	of the Secretaries of the Treasury
69	"	of the Justices of the Supreme Court

With no schooling 31 Americans out of 5,000,000 reached distinction. With elementary schooling, 808 out of 33,000,000 reached distinction. With high school education 1,245 out of 2,000,000 reached distinction. With college education 5,768 out 1,000,000 reached distinction

U. S. Bureau of Education

IN WHO'S WHO 1917

The biographies of more than 20,000 people are given
The percentage is as follows:

College graduates 59 per cent.
Other college trained 14 percent.
No college training 27 percent.

Won't you make up your mind to get the best education that it is possible to have?

We want to see you make of your lives the greatest success possible.

Nothing less than such success will do for you, and if it is possible for us in any way to influence or aid you to go through college, we want to do it.

The Berwick Rotary Club

Literary

“Sleepy” Williams

Dorothy Stout '24

He weighed two hundred and thirty pounds and his shoulders scraped an ordinary doorway when he passed through. He regarded a six-footer as more or less of a runt. A tremendous youth was John Clarence Williams, and at first glimpse of him crossing the Westmore campus the football captain forgot an important engagement and sprinted in pursuit of the prize.

The interview was brief and unsatisfactory. Captain Fred Varney, a morose person of very few words, grasped the arm of the boyish colossus and exclaimed:

“Freshman squad reported yesterday. — Where were you? Three o’clock this afternoon. Be there sure. What Prep school? Did you play?”

John Clarence Williams gazed down good-naturedly at the gaunt, almost insignificant figure of the greatest of end rushers, and answered, in a lazy booming voice:

“The masters made me play at school. I didn’t like it, and I guess I can get along without any football in college, thank you.”

“Football doesn’t propose to get along without you,” growled Varney. “You look less clumsy than most of these great big over-grown infants. Aren’t you ashamed of yourself?”

“Not a bit of it,” grinned the freshman. “There is some distinction in it when a man of my size refuses to be all bunged up on a football field.”

This extraordinary sentiment so annoyed Varney, whose temper was by no means pacific, that he retorted:

“Your class will disown you. I thought you were a man, you useless carload of blubber.”

“You are keeping me from a recitation,” said John Clarence Williams, still with the same vast amiability.

As he spoke he put out a hand. It no more than touched Varney on the chest and he sat down so abruptly

that his teeth clicked and he bit his tongue. While he picked himself up from the turf, the mountainous freshman moved away in a leisurely manner, nor glanced behind him.

Amazed anger hampered the active captain, who knew not quite how to retaliate. He might tackle the offender by the knees and pull him down before punching him, or hastily climb within reach of the youngster's jaw; but either procedure would be undignified in full sight of the campus. For once the melancholy Varney grinned, accepted the joke as on him, and concluded to become better acquainted with this singular freshman.

John Clarence's parents had taken pains to fit him out with a name worthy of the family station, but his classmates promptly discarded it, and not as John Clarence was he known, but as "Sleepy" Williams. He accepted the taunts inspired by his total lack of athletic spirit. In other respects he was no laggard. His mind was both keen and retentive, although he seldom seemed to employ it in study. It made the hardworking students indignant, when, at the end of the term, "Sleepy" Williams received a higher rating and was considered a safe bet for the intellectual comradeship of the Phi Beta Kappa.

The Christmas vacation depopulated the campus, and among those westward bound were Captain Varney and the left guard of his eleven, Bob Sedgwick. Varney was silent and gloomy as usual, but conversation was never expected of him, and Sedgwick, a sociable person, sought other diversion.

Strolling into another car, he discovered the rosy giant who had scorned his duty to the gridiron. "Sleepy" sat alone and filled a seat, beaming, placid, no more than half awake. As a sophomore, Sedgwick was supposed to disdain the company of this somnolent Williams, but the barrier of college caste was brushed aside for the sake of sociability.

"Hello, little one!" was Bob's greeting. "How far does this railroad take you, and what is the tariff per ton a mile?"

"I live in Denver," genially replied the freshman, getting the better of a yawn. "I lost six pounds this fall. Don't I look it?"

"You have wasted away, I see, after examining you closely. What did it? Fred Varney is in the next car," added Sedgwick, with a chuckle. "Why not have dinner with us? You have met him, I'm sure."

"Yes, but he has no use for me," replied the freshman, his face a vivid red. "I wouldn't know what to say to him."

"That makes no difference. He is the original human clam. You needn't feel obliged to waste language on him. He isn't hostile, even if you did tip him off his pins with a gentle tap."

"How nice of him!" smiled "Sleepy". "I was awfully sorry. He doesn't weigh very much and looks all shot to pieces. It's a mystery to me how he can be such a terror in football clothes. Of course I shall feel flattered to dine with him."

Bob Sedgwick strolled into the rear car and broke the news to Varney, who was regarding the landscape with glum indifference. He grunted and was gracious enough to remark:

"Not such a bad kid, although he ought to be booted all the way out to Westmore field and back again. They tell me there are no cobwebs in his attic. His professors think him a wonder. We can get on together unless he playfully pushes me through a dining-car window, glass and all."

There was no discord at the table and Varney even thawed a trifle. The mighty freshman appealed to his sardonic sense of humor. He was so essentially a jovial boy, filled with tremendous enthusiasm in spite of his lazy demeanor, laughing at his own jokes, ludicrously in awe of Varney's opinion as coming from the greatest man in college. He was patterned after Bob Sedgwick's own heart, and these two were famously congenial. The evening passed without boredom, and it was agreed to meet for breakfast.

It was during this latter meal that the train made a long halt at an unimportant station and the passengers became curious to know what had caused this delay to the Golden Gate Limited. The conductor was heard to say something about a washout and a damaged bridge. Sedgwick and Varney went out to interview the station agent, leaving the freshmen to his own devices.

It was presently announced that the train could not proceed until afternoon. A sudden flood had dangerously weakened a span of the steel bridge near Wentworth, and traffic was blockaded while crews made temporary repairs. There was a deal of ill-natured sputtering among the travelers, but young Sedgwick was undismayed. Wentworth, only twenty miles beyond, was his home town, and he proposed

to waste no time in getting there.

"I can find somebody with an automobile to make the run in an hour," he said to Varney. "Why don't you come along? Have luncheon at my house, inspect the busy little burg, and jump on the train when it comes. My folks will be delighted."

"Thanks. It would be stupid waiting all day at this jumping off place."

"Good enough. You go fetch our bags, and I will hustle the transportation, and telephone home that we are on our way."

Sedgwick dashed to the highway and commandeered a farmer who was driving past in a noisy, mud-covered relic of an earlier age of gasoline. There was no haggling over terms, and the enterprising sophomore galloped back to the train, meeting Varney, who said:

"Better bid the big Williams child goodbye. Lonesome for him, but perhaps he can amuse himself by eating all day."

"I'll ask him to join us, if you don't mind," suggested the warm-hearted Sedgwick. "It does seem unkind to desert him. I may have to buy the farmer a new set of springs for his car, but what's the odds?"

"Are you sure your family can feed him?" was Verney's gloomy comment. "Saw him devour three boiled eggs this morning, and he was merely warming up."

Sedgwick assumed the risk and ran in to get "Sleepy", who, at seeing his Westmore friends preparing to desert him, wore, for once, a disconsolate air. With gladness he accepted the invitation, and soon they were bumping over a frozen country road that was no more than thinly covered with snow. It was the holiday season, and their spirits were gay. Williams rolled out song in what was meant to be a sonorous bass voice, his mighty shoulders heaving with innocent mirth whenever Sedgwick interrupted him with a story. These two were in the mood for mischief, and the opportunity offered itself as the car rattled safely into the trim little city of Wentworth and sought a long street of uncommonly attractive homes.

A girl was about to cross in front of them, but waited when the farmer tooted his warning horn. Now a girl in furs on a wintry day, with a fine color, bright eyes, and a slim, straight figure is not likely to pass unperceived by young men of impressionable years and temperament.

"A pippin, believe me!" softly murmured Williams.

"My cousin," shouted Sedgwick, waving his hat. "Stop the machine! Hello, Kitty! Here, fellows, we'll get out and walk. It's only another block."

"I wish it were another mile, for walking looks good to me," observed the admiring freshman.

They tumbled out forthwith and surrounded the fascinating cousin, who seemed not in the least dismayed. Bob presented his friends, indicating them with a careless sweep of the hand so that it was puzzling to guess which one was which.

"Miss Lombard, this is none other than Mr. Fred Varney, captain of the Westmore varsity eleven, and here is a meek and lowly freshman officially designated as John Clarence Williams. They are sojourning in our midst for only a few hours; therefore we must hasten to give them a good time."

Miss Kitty surveyed the brace of strangers and instantly concluded that the rosy giant must, of course, be the famous athlete. She was a thorough-going western girl to whom the colleges of the Atlantic seaboard were remote and uninteresting, barring the fact that Bob Sedgwick and his elder brother Joe had chosen to go to Westmore. Her own home was in Iowa, and she visited the Sedgwicks once or twice a year. Newspaper portraits of Fred Varney had failed to engage her memory. Her mistake was not an unreasonable one.

Approvingly she eyed the magnificent proportions of John Clarence Williams and swiftly pictured him to herself as sweeping through the Keatsville and Pierceton teams. No more than a casual glance did she bestow on Bob's other friends, the thin stooping young man with the pale face and melancholy expression. She knew the type, the intellectual student who habitually studied too hard, and despised athletics and aspired to be a valedictorian even if it wrecked his health.

"You are to be here only a few hours, Mr. Varney? I am so sorry. That doesn't sound as if Bob were very hospitable. He really must persuade you to stay for the dance tonight and—"

Williams was about to profess his identity, but Sedgwick trod on his toe and Varney glowered at him, making pantomimic gestures unseen by the girl. The same inspiration—to let Miss Kitty think Williams the captain—occurred to both these young men, the one moved by the suggestion of a lark, the other influenced by his timidity in

the presence of girls. Williams comprehended that he was not to correct Miss Kitty's blunder. They could laugh about it later.

The fair cousin walked ahead with the bogus Westmore hero, and Bob whispered to Varney as they followed: "She is the busiest little tease you ever saw in your life. The way she used to guy me was cruel. This is my first chance to put one over on her."

"Sure it's all right?" was the anxious query. "You will confess the joke before we leave town? What about your folks?"

"Leave it to me," was Bob's answer. "I'll tip them off, and they will play it along at luncheon, especially Dad."

Somewhat mollified, the football captain consented to the hoax. Miss Kitty catalogued him as a highbrow. She chatted gaily with the supposed Varney. Football was their topic. Williams was full of information that was modestly impersonal. Varney scowled at the glib flow of information.

"Please tell me, Mr. Varney," said Kitty, "do you honestly believe that your eleven could have beaten one of our crack Western Universities—Seamore, for instance?"

"It would have been a great contest in my opinion," replied the unabashed pretender. "Seamore might have outclassed us in end rushes and made winning gains in that way. Our left end was weak this year."

This being Fred Varney's position—best end-rusher in the country for two years—he was a listener who nearly lost his temper. They turned in at a gate and crossed a lawn, and Bob ran straight into his waiting Mother's arms. During the glad confusion the word was passed that the program included having fun with Kitty. The parents joined the conspiracy with ready compliance.

After supper Williams managed to get Bob alone for a few minutes and confided to him:

"About that dance tonight, old man, your cousin wants to know why I can't stay over for it. I could just as well as not, you know, and beat it to Denver tomorrow. There is a hotel in town, I presume, and—"

"Nonsense! There is plenty of room in this house even for you—er—Captain Varney. Mother will be delighted. And I'll try to persuade Fred—I mean 'Sleepy' Williams—to stick with us, although he is none too strong on the society game."

"Please don't call me Varney again. I can't go to this dance under false colors and meet a lot of people," exclaimed the perturbed freshman.

"Supposing Fred Varney objects to giving the joke away. Here he comes. Ask him."

Varney had been talking to Miss Kitty who suggested that he stay over for the dance. This he had agreed to do.

He refused to drop the disguise and "Sleepy" Williams, alias Fred Varney, was forced to go to the dance as captain of the Westmore eleven.

Suddenly the comedy assumed a serious aspect for the mighty freshman. He was introduced to a muscular, enthusiastic young man, named McGregor, who exclaimed:

"I am the captain of the Wentworth eleven, and we play our annual game tomorrow with Statesville. Bob has agreed to play guard for you if you can be persuaded to stay over and play with us."

"I wish I could, but-but I have to leave town," stammered the helpless freshman. At this moment Bob and Fred sauntered up. They uttered no threats but their stern faces expressed a direful purpose. "Sleepy" consented to play after they had made it more impossible than ever to declare himself an imposter.

"In comparison with these, the Westmore-Keatsville games are as mild as sewing," said Varney, after he and "Sleepy" were left alone, and "Sleepy" had begged for mercy.

It was an informal holiday in Wentworth. Most of the stores were closed at noon, and hundreds of people motored in from the surrounding country. The tidings that the Westmore captain had been induced to play for the love of the game aroused jealous indignation among the Statesville partisans, and they loudly urged their champions to send him back East on a stretcher.

Fred Varney was with Kitty Lombard, and she found him slightly distraught, a mood which she mistook for lack of interest. He was really reflecting that the joke had taken rather an unfair turn to McGregor and his eleven. He felt uncomfortable and hoped that Wentworth might win.

To Varney's amazement, the impossible freshman sailed in to show the crowd that he was indeed a formidable right guard from Westmore. Bob Sedgwick, playing his own position as left guard with alert efficiency, tried to

restrain his whale among the minnows, advising him after a scrimmage:

"You are surely throwing a scare into them, even if you do get every signal wrong. But for goodness sake slow up and save your wind."

"Darned if I'll let you and Varney make a monkey of me," panted the young pretender, who staggered into position instead of trotting. His complexion turned from red to purple. He was willing to do his best, but his flesh was woefully weak.

Kitty was sadly perplexed. In her excitement she turned to Varney and cried, a little impatiently:

"Aren't you ashamed to sit here doing nothing? Can't you become a little interested? What can be the matter with Captain Varney?"

Fred Varney excused himself and sauntered out on the field. He and the referee had quite a conversation, and soon he was seen running to the gymnasium. In a few minutes he came out of the building in a football suit. The referee put him in the game and the game began again.

The players returned in a dangerous mood, and the opponents were fairly taken by surprise. Varney received the ball and went tearing down the field with Williams in front of him. A few yards from the goal post he fell and the ball rolled in front of Williams. Williams picked it up and ran, a man clinging to him on each side. This did not stop him. Six feet from the goal line he toppled over and measured his length, which was enough and to spare.

Kitty Lombard, always wide awake, realized her mistake in treating Varney as she had treated him. When Varney and Bob tried to explain things she calmly said:

"It would have spoiled it if I would have told you that I knew all the time which was which when Bob introduced you."

"Sleepy" was congratulated on his playing, but took it very shamefacedly. He thinks to this day, although no one has told him so, that Varney fell on purpose in order that he might make the much needed touchdown.



A Notice By The Joke Editor

"Wanted—Jokes for the Mirror."

That afternoon three Sophs applied.

Radio Racket

By Wyatt Williams

Sure, you have one. Everybody has. You got yours about six months ago, after all your friends had gone wild over neutrodynes, monodynes, and supedynes. When everybody was talking about regenerative circuits, and loop aerials, and amplification, and you not knowing a loud speaker from a vacuum tube, felt distinctly out of it. It was then that you got a friend to wise you up, and next ordered a big set from the corporation down the street.

It was installed while you were at the office one day, and that evening, a slick young man called to show you how to run it.

Next evening, you hurry through your supper—incidentally bringing on a later attack of indigestion—and take your seat in front of the panel of shining knobs. You turn this, and that, a dismal screech assailing your ears. Then, oh rapture of raptures: "This is station B A M of-f-f." There it goes. Then silence. Next, "An' the little bunny ran through the big woods. The old fox—" Bah, you cut it off, much disgruntled. An exhilarating "WWWWWhhhhheeeeeeee" reverberates in your ears—some helpful neighbor tuning in. Next you hear, by stages, the complete installation of a boiler factory, done in Bb.

"Station X Y Z, Chicago, Illinois. You just listened to Miss gr-r-r-r Smith sing, "The Old Oaken Bucket." Our next number will be the s(Wow! screech!)ing of Dreamy Melody by Miss Smith. Station X—."

You turn the knob to clear it up a bit. Silence, during the usual moment of waiting, while you anticipate the week's most popular song. Then clear, and loud, to your ears comes:

"The natives of the Congo, although in a practically undeveloped state, are—."

You have turned the accursed thing too far. Vainly you begin to search for "Dreamy Melody."

"Hudson R. R. quoted at 88 7-8 late to—(Yow)."

"Oh I love her in the morning and I l-wow Scree-e-e-c-h."

"—are moving eastward with gr-r-reat velocity. Snow and sleet is expected for the eastern half of—."

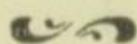
“—Jones won in the second round over —Jim Br—.” SSSSCCCCRRRREEEEEEECCCCHHHH W-O-W F-S-T Z-I-N-G—and it is thought Mars is inhabited, by the proof of Professor Jo—Z Z T—Bing—who says the Yanks will most positively win the crucial se——Bowwwww Ying.

“—music in the air, when the infant morn is n-i—.”

You finally get in on “Dreamy Melody,” in time to hear the two closing bars.

You try once more, twice more. You begin to believe you have a headache. Yes, you do have a headache. You are beginning to get that attack of indigestion. Hang the thing anyway!

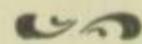
Then you go to bed, of course, leaving the tubes turned on in order to wear down the batteries more quickly.



ON THE RIVER

By Lee Fahringer

At twilight
Drifting on the river,
Not a breath of air
Disturbs the calm.
The boat glides softly on
With scarce a motion;
For just one moment,
The whole world seems still.
Then comes the night breeze
Rippling the waters;
Far across the stream
We hear the deep tones of a bull-frog.
Slowly we paddle back,
Thoughtful, and awed,
Having communed with the twilight.



Mary M.: “Why weren’t you at the dance the other night?”

Jessie Z.: “Oh, I cancelled the date when I saw how abominable Ruch’s hair looked with my new cherry frock.”

Mah-Jongg--An Interpretation

By Mae Bonham

Like racing, the game is expensive, and the odds are against everyone from the start. The one thing in your favor, if you are a beginner, is that everyone else is a beginner too.

To be an expert, one should possess a speaking knowledge of Chinese, a knowledge of botany (which will enable you to appreciate the species of flora which you will indubitably encounter); a Ph. D. degree in meteorology (the game makes use of all the four winds), and a bank account like an artist's canvas (so that you can draw on it).

Four person participate, as in bridge, mixed doubles, a four plate dinner, or almost any other recreation you please, including a Petri quartette. It is like a Petri quartette because four voices are generally raised in discord causing considerable confusion most of the time.

Mah-Jongg, I hear is the Chinese for "sparrow." My comment is that I never before heard a sparrow called a Mah-Jongg. And Ibis, who is somewhat of a bird himself, says that he never heard of the creature.

If you go out to dinner, and the hostess offers you a box of little square things that look like caramels, beware! They are Mah-Jonggs. And celery? No you are making a mistake. They're Mah-Jongg sticks, and they ruin fillings when you bite into them.

You may not believe me when I say that the game actually exists. If you are in doubt just ask one of these smart Metropolitan matrons featured in Town Topics; she'll tell you the joys of crap-shooting are as nothing compared to those of this newer pastime.



Ruth P.: "You are certain that this century plant will bloom in a hundred years?"

Florist: "Positive of it, Miss. If it doesn't bring it back."

MackBeth--Non-Shakespearian

By Wyatt Williams

Done Canned, King of Scotland.
Done Been, His son.
Mack Beth, Bank Roll, King's generals.
Mack Duff, Nobleman.
Lummox, Cross, Scottish noblemen.
Lady Mack Beth.
Ghost of Bank Roll.
Servants, Bootleggers, Ghosts, Animals, Sheriff, etc.

Act I

Mack Beth and Bank Roll return victorious from the wars. The king awards them both silver soup ladles, and makes Mack Beth the Clam of Chowder.

In the woods three bootleggers work over a still. Mack Beth and Bank Roll, out for a walk, and slightly inebriated, meet them, and order three cases apiece. Moved by this fine purchase, the bootleggers tell Mack Beth he should be king. He promises them the royal trade if he gets there.

Done Canned decides to visit Mack Beth. Mack writes his more sober wife to set an extra place for supper, and to sharpen his butcher knife. All arrive at Mack's. (Curtain).

Act II

Lady Mack Beth drugs the servants, and sharpens the knives. The Sheriff calls to pass the time of day, delaying the action. Silence. Mack Beth takes a drink, climbs the spouting to Done Canned's room, his knife in his teeth, and once there, kills him. He slides back down, tearing trousers. All retire. Noise at the gate. Mack Duff shooting crap with the porter again, wakens the house. Lummox arrives. The king is found dead, when he fails to answer the breakfast bell. Mr. Duff fetches the coroner. A most dramatic situation ensues. Mack Beth at once accuses Mack Duff, Mack Duff accuses Lummox, Lummox accuses porter, porter accuses Lady Mack Beth, and she claims

death to be by suicide. The coroner disagrees. All join and kill him. (Curtain falls in great confusion, accompanied by bricks, and ancient vegetables).

Act III

All characters are in such a hard fix we decided to let them rest during this act, as the fourth is very strenuous. We beg you to read up the third act, so you can learn what happens in it.

Act IV

Three bootleggers at work in a cave, having moved the still. Busy on a new formula for palace trade, since Mack Beth is king. Mack Beth rushes in, a half empty bottle in one hand, and his tooth brush in the other. Since they first suggested that he should be king, he asked them how long the kingship with him will be safe. They give him six or eight drinks, thus enabling him to see a thrilling procession of ghosts, including eight kings from Tut-ankh-amen to Henry VIII, and the murdered Bank Roll's ghost. Thinking him now in a state to believe almost anything, the bootleggers assure him of the kingdom 'till Burnt Ham Wood comes to Dunce Inane hill, thereby assuring orders from him for the future. He leaves.

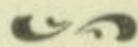
Meanwhile—Lummox and porter have been imprisoned Mack Duff and his gang plot the death of Mack Beth. Done Been and Mr. Duff, get together about three thousand I. W. W.'s and Bolsheviks. Lady Mack Beth takes up sleep walking as her spring sport, and becomes very goofy. (Asbestos).

Mack Duff, Done Been, and Cross, with the radicals attack in force, first each having pinned a sprig of Burnt Ham wood, as camouflage. (We suspect those unscrupulous bootleggers tipped them off.) Mack Beth decides to surrender, but all his handkerchiefs are in the wash, leaving him without a flag of truce. His tobacco supply gives out, and in desperation he sneaks over to the corner store to get some. His credit is no longer good. Returning, he is seen by Mack Duff, who immediately surrounds him. Mr. Beth states he is innocent, and almost convinces Duff, but the latter sees his patched trousers, and immediately renews his charges of murder, arson, larceny and default of shoe polish bills. They fight. Mack Beth is killed (Ah! At last. However we expected it all along.) Lady Beth hears

this news and buys a season ticket to a lecture course in psycho-analysis.

Done Been becomes king, and makes Mack Duff head of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Of course, they all live happily ever after. (Crepe).

Note. If you wish to know about any characters whose final fate is not given, see Volume 27893, Chapter 1824, Section Z, Article 12,367, Paragraph (c) of some Encyclopedia or other. We don't recall the name just now.)



Concerning a First Hair Cut

By Jessie Zimmerman

You hear them say afterward in an offhand way,—“I had it cut last week”—and that is all. They never mention the hours of indecision which preceded the act and which were enough to turn the hair in question a pure white.

I think that, from experience, I can relate all the steps that lead to the barber's chair.

For sometime you've been contemplating having your hair cut. You have overcome all parental objection. Then some Monday, we'll say, your best friend makes her appearance with her hair cut, shampooed and curled. You say to yourself, “She looks alright.” Your resolve strengthens, and you decide that tonight you'll make the acquaintance of the barber.

Tonight arrives. You stroll up to the barber shop, but when you get to the door, you remember a very important errand which you were supposed to do last week and haven't done yet. Of course, it must be attended to tonight, and when you have done so, the barber's shop is closed. You breath a sigh—is is of relief?—and go home with your hair still long.

Wednesday comes. You decide that you won't have time to have it done tonight. But when school is dismissed, you find your steps turning involuntarily toward the barber shop. As you walk up the street, you pass a girl whose hair has been newly cut and waved. She had been rather an unattractive girl, but now—well you decide right then and there that you surely will have your hair bobbed. You dash home for money and return, only to find the barber

shop closed. Again that curious, indefinable feeling. Not relief, surely. You really want to have your hair cut now.

Bright and early Thursday morning, you start out, your thirty-five cents jingling reassuringly in your pocket. You are going to have your hair cut tonight after school, you inform your friends. But the bright day darkens, and just as school is dismissed, a shower comes up. Never-the-less, you wend your way to the barber's shop. Just as you turn the last corner, you meet the girl whose hair cut yesterday strengthened your decision. Horrors! also Terrors! Her head looks like a wet mop, each strand of hair clinging to her scalp in a spineless, disconsolate fashion. You stare, spellbound. When you recover the use of your limbs, you leave the vicinity of the barber shop with a speed that would recommend you for a varsity track team. Have your hair cut? Well, I should say not!

Friday morning finds you feeling better. You've told your mother, and she cheers you up by telling you that sudden showers come only in the summer time. Happy thought. Also, your hair used to be a trifle wavy; perhaps it will curl at the ends. Wouldn't that be delightful? You decide that it would, and your spirits travel from zero up to forty five degrees.

However, that noon, your aunt who has come to dinner, tells a harrowing tale of a bobbed haired beauty who was nearly scalped while having her hair curled by a professional hair dresser. She spares none of the horrible details, and the cold chills go through your nervous system, and you feel hot irons between the cold chills. The combined feeling is indescribable. Well, the result is that you still have your long hair on Saturday morning.

But mother at this time has again come to the rescue, and you start down town to have your hair cut, and incidentally to do some shopping.

You pass the barber shop, and see that it is full of men. "Well," you tell yourself, "when he gets my trade there will be fewer men in there!" You go to the other end of town and buy some dress materials.

The shop where you intend to purchase thread, is next door to the barber's. You decide you'll get the thread, then drop in casually and have the deed done, then go on and get some groceries.

You get the thread. As you leave the store, you see one of your instructors at school entering the barber's shop. You certainly don't want him staring at you while you un-

dergo the ordeal so you go after the groceries.

Finally, you have no other excuse. You find yourself possessed of material, thread, groceries, and a book that you don't want, and never intended to get. So you gather your possessions securely under your arm, and charge, like the valiant Three Hundred, into the Valley of Death, represented by the barber shop. You go in with your knees knocking and a lump in your throat that is larger than any caused by a visit to the dentist.

You find there is only one man ahead of you, and you try all portions of your spinal column to see in which position you look the most calm and at ease. You fail miserably in all positions.

Then you get into the barber's chair. You are facing a large mirror. You console yourself by thinking that if it doesn't look well, you can see it, and tell the barber to stop. But when he starts to cut you shut your eyes tightly and cannot muster courage to open them until he is through. Then, you take one long look in that mirror. Ye gods and little green angle worms! Can that be you—that wild eyed individual with the funny short hair who is pictured in the glass? You are ready to swear that you never saw her before, and you look over your shoulder to find yourself.

At last you calm yourself sufficiently to walk out, and you try not to appear quite so unnecessary as you feel. You sneak homeward through the back streets, with a dazed look on your face. Of course you meet every person you know or ever hope to know. Each one, with varying degrees of idiocy informs you with the air Columbus might have had when he discovered America, "Why you've had your hair cut!"

You grit your teeth, give them a faint smile, a fainter reply, and stride on. You stay at home the remainder of the day, and go to bed vowing you will never show yourself in public.

AFTER THOUGHT

Cheer up, you who intend to have your hair cut. In the morning your spirits are recovered, and the next hair cut is unavoidable and easy.

The Thrills of a Senior "Commercial"

By Evelyn Harris

You Classicals and Scientifics will not fully appreciate these thrills, for you have never experienced them. We, Commercials meet with them almost every day.

After chapel we all file into the stenography room—breathless,—expectant. The pencil sharpener is soon put to use, and Hannah Miller starts the daily procession with her half dozen or so pencils. Close upon her heels comes the ever-faithful Floyd.

We write, paying little heed to this musical distraction, until our attention is drawn toward Hannah Miller, who is now taking her "Daily Dozen."

When the last little Junior is shooed out of the room, we begin to grow uneasy. Soon we receive the command, "Get ready for dictation."

Silence reigns for a few seconds, then we hear a sigh which comes from the back part of the room. You catch inquiring whispers—"Does she have her watch? What book does she have? Is she counting the words —All indications of one of our famous Speed Tests.

She does have her watch, is using the blue book, and —yes—she is counting the words. We surely shall have a Speed Test.

While reflecting on this and other things, as though in a daze, you hear,

"Dear Sir:—We have your letter of the 25th inst. and in reply would say —." You hurriedly leaf through your tablet to find a clean sheet, and try to recover the two sentences you just lost. You write, write, write—on, on and on—not knowing what, but making characters for all. Your arm aches—too much exercise the day before. You are ready to give up, but no—you still cling to the pencil.

At last! We hear that welcome sound—the slam of the book as it is closed.

"You may have a few minutes to punctuate your letters," is the kind concession we hear. Everyone looks around, her face perfectly blank, as if searching for inspiration on the faces of her classmates.

We take up our collection of punctuation marks and scatter them through the letters: a comma here, a semi-colon there; a colon in alternate paragraphs, and occasionally a question mark. Paper is passed out and we hear the familiar words, "You may go over to the other room now." Whereupon we all file into the typewriting room, looking as if we had lost our last friend.

After setting our machines for double space, inserting the paper, and fixing margins, we all wait in silent expectation, our fingers ready to strike the first key when given the word.

Our teacher, all unconscious of our agony, calmly continues to correct "those Juniors'" papers. She is waiting until the minute-hand of her watch gets to a certain point. "You have a minute and a half yet," she says.

We all hurry to get a last look at our notes, and, just as we are reading the last page—"Start"—This command, though we hear it so often, always scares us, and after recovering from the shock, we hurriedly leaf back to the beginning of our notes and strike the first letter. The race is on.

There is much noise. Our thoughts begin to wander—we come back to earth again and continue—.

"We are very sorry, indeed, that we cannot send you a basket-ball game, as our floor is in use—Oh! Suddenly you realize what you have done and go back and run dashes through the erroneous part. On with the—work.

You have no sooner become engrossed in your work than you have to erase, and your machine accidentally slips back to single spacing. After setting this aright you resume your work.

"We regret that we cannot ship you these goods before February 29. However, our team can play you at Berwick on March 28—. Curses! Again the dash sign is put in use.

You manage, by perseverance, to become interested in your work, and start your third letter. This one appeals to you. It is more sensible! It goes—

"We are all out of the crepe you mention, in blue, but we can furnish it to you in pink, which is a color very becoming to me, for mother said I always wore pink when I was a baby."—The dashes again. Alas! You had your finger on the shift key and ran stars all through the words.

You have a premonition of seeing stars when report cards are given out at the end of the month.

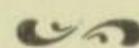
Nothing unusual occurs after this, except that you happen to be using the machine that is broken, and have to stop and wind the ribbon back with your fingers.

Another start—but, alas! You hear those fatal words. "Stop."

You still have "Yours truly," and your name to write. Too bad, but better luck next time.

What? You wish to know more about the source of all this knowledge, the instigator, as it were, of these thrills?—Well—

Miss W——'s Commercial,
She trains for future years,
But after one of her Speed Tests,
You'll find her class in tears.



Sympathy

By Kenneth Thomas

Oh! You poor, brow-beaten, crestfallen young man, why do you wander about with that hang dog look upon your countenance?

Ah! can it be that you are one of those unfortunates who are unable to restrain themselves and their actions in class and must reap a harvest of scoldings, dismissals, lectures,—those horrid nightmares of torture which are inflicted by the stinging words of offended and duty-unfaltering members of the Faculty?

Must you forever be the target of all chastisements? Will it never cease? Have you the fortitude,—the almost superhuman courage necessary to face these terrible ordeals?

What great power is driving you on to the seemingly inevitable disaster which awaits you? Nay! I should say pursues you. with tentacles which pull you down to your doom even as those of the octopus, never releasing its victim until every spark of life is gone from the crushed and useless body.

Arouse! Put on the strong armor of manhood! With indelible paint blot out that streak of yellow which surely must course up and down your wretched spine.

Instill into your body and mind at least enough courage to defend yourself from these charges based en-

tirely upon your natural looks and actions.

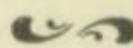
Ha! The head rises, a flash comes once again into those lack-luster eyes! Once again the listless body is vibrant with animation.

The lips move! An answer! The worm is turning! Will he defend himself against the terrible odds of his indictments? Would such a thing be possible?

Strain your ears, O critics, that you may hear every word, catch every breath from this piteous victim.

He answers! What is that? Repeat, I pray you! You are the Son of a School Director!!

Alas! unfortunate one! Forgive this angry outburst and accept in the same measure my earnest and most heartfelt sympathy!



Concerning the Physician's Office-Girl

By Eleanore Davis

"Yes! The doctor is out on a prolonged country call —will probably return at about six-thirty." Thus the overworked office-girl explains to the first unfortunate.

Patients have no respect whatever for the doctor's office-hours. They deliberately defy the front wheels of a coal truck, or chop off the second finger of their right hand ten minutes after the doctor is well on his way to usher in a new life at Mud Swamp, six miles up the mountain.

In the meantime, the overworked individual back in the office gets the first customer nicely settled with the Literary Digest of eight weeks past. The customer is a woman—middle-aged, red-headed, and with a bad complexion. Her digestion is misbehaving again.

Ah! The door opens. Another unfortunate, a wiry, energetic person accompanied by two vicious youngsters seats herself in the most comfortable chair in the room. You proceed to listen to her tale of woe when interrupted by a small boy, whose mother wants "some more of those pink pills like she had before." No, he doesn't know the name of them or what they were for, but they were pink. Finally the small boy is installed in the window sill with last Sunday's funny papers.

You then pick up your nail file and the process is nicely started when the telephone rings. "Yesa—da leetle

boy ces verra seek—would da doctor pleesa coma at da seex-teen-thirta-seex Fourth Avenoo? Yesa—da leetle boy—hees stomeek ces seek."

Horrors! Why the commotion in the waiting room? Ah! The doctor is returning with the remains of an accident. Yes,—a few hundred tons of something fell on someone, and you have the privilege of seeing a left-leg amputation. Interesting in its way, but I might add that unless the pit of your stomach is very substantially constructed, I would not advise you to view the operation.

At last :after several eternities, all the patients have been disposed of, each in his own way; and the doctor settles down to give you his order for medicines to go out in the first morning mail. You take your pencil in hand and attempt to write what should look like the following:

Hexamethylenamine, 5 grain, sugar-coated.

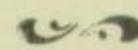
Amenorrhoea, C. C. F.

Acid Acetyl Salicylic, 5 grain.

Echinacca Phenolphthalein Compound, 3 grain.

At this point someone who has foolishly upset boiling water upon his person is energetically steered into the office by kind friends and relatives. The doctor flusters around as usual in the midst of yards of gauze bandage and adhesive tape. At the climax of the bandaging process the victim threatens to faint, and the doctor calls to you to give him some medicine. "On the second shelf, the third one from the end,—a teaspoonful." You dash to the second shelf—hurriedly count three and find yourself in possession of a jar of black paste---salve, I think it is called. You are about to thrust the slimy stuff into the mouth of the patient when the doctor, after a hurried diagnosis of the teaspoon, informs you, and in such a way that you will never forget it, that he counts the shelves from the bottom, not the top—and you were on the fourth shelf according to his reckoning. I might add that the black paste is a substance for external use only.

And so the hours pass, until at last this bit of humanity dons her hat, goes to the movies, and wonders why the most exciting picture of the season seems so tame to her.



On Automobiles--By Wyatt Williams

Motor cars are at once one of the most useful and detrimental of modern inventions. Many an important trip has been made, to save the day, in a motor car. Nothing gets you there in such style. No, nothing. No known thing is so efficacious in reducing the rural poultry and ca-

nine population. Nothing makes you pay as many fines. Nothing, except golf, can even approach it as a cause for profanity. Yet we must have our cars; what would we do without them?

While still almost in your normal state of mind you invest in your first car. A friend has told you you need the open air. As I have said before, you are still normal, so you don't invest heavily at first. Your investment is a Ford. Off you go, after a correspondence course in driving, and after getting your license, n'everything.

The engine has a banging persistent sound, which although loud, is music in your ears, until someone asks you, "Ever try tightening your fan belt?" You do try, and fail. The garage "soaks you a simply terrible price." At the expense of three dogs and six sets of headlight lenses, you finally learn to drive.

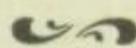
Remember the day you decided on that weekend trip? Yes, you are still innocent of what "makes 'er go." At noon you notice how warm the engine is, and decide to fry eggs on top of the engine block. While you are doing this, a fellow motorist comes over to borrow two knives and a fork, and notices your actions. As you think he is about to compliment you on your inventive genius he ejaculates a scornful "Huh," and takes off your radiator cap. "How many hours has it been dry?" he asks, sniffing the peculiar odor, suddenly very noticeable. The garage later furnishes you with a new set of bearings, at a price perfectly satisfactory to them.

Ten years have flown. So has Lizzie. You have made a lot of money in the oil business, or something else, and have gone up the scale—Ford, Buick, Cadillac, Packard, and now the Rolls Royce stands under the porte-cochere. You, being a democratic person, tell the chauffeur to "hop out", and you yourself take the wheel for a prideful trial.

Down the street you roll. At the first corner an urchin yells loudly to you. Stopping, you make out the words, "Mister, yir wheels is goin' 'round." Starting again, you turn your head to look daggers at the boy. While doing this, you inadvertently run into a truck, smashing the front of your own car—not the truck. After the truck driver has collected heavy damages for a twisted radiator cap, you leave, your car limping sadly. Your state of mind is to be conjectured, not spoken of. Then suddenly, Bang—. You dismount—to see which one it was. If somebody in the crowd that gathers whispers, "It's only flat on the bottom," you kill him immediately.

That evening you trade the Rolls Royce for a bicycle.

School News



School opened September 4, 1923 with our assembly room filled with a crowd of students.

Our schedules were carefully arranged during the summer by our Principal and we were ready for work.

We were sorry to learn that the Domestic Science Department had been discontinued. Its place in the curriculum had been taken by Physical Education under supervision of Mr. Joseph MacCracken, formerly of Kittanning, Pennsylvania. A marked physical improvement is the result of the attendance at "gym" classes.

Probably the expansion of the Department of Music under the direction of Mr. D. H. Lewis is the greatest development in our high school. An Orchestra, a Girls' Chorus and a Boys' Glee Club have been formed. These organizations have been requested to participate in many programs both at home and at surrounding towns and have brought credit to B. H. S.

The Y. M. C. A. religious committee has been cooperating with the high school in securing local clergymen to conduct our devotional exercises on Friday morning of each week. This has been much appreciated by the students.

Our chapel periods on Monday and Wednesday mornings have been enlivened by programs in charge of the four classes in turn. As a result a friendly rivalry as to which class shall present the best program has developed.

Our social life was revived by a party at the "Y" on Hallowe'en. About four hundred students were present and in costume. Another event of an especially interesting character was a Leap Year party held at West Side Park on March 10. This was the first party of its kind in the history of B. H. S. but judging from its success it will not be the last.

During the Christmas vacation Miss Lucille Mather was married to Mr. John L. Welsbach, of Lake George. Her position as English teacher was taken by Miss Huldah Frisbie, of Groveland, New York.

Our school has progressed most successfully this year due to the efficient cooperation of school officials, faculty and students. Let's give them three cheers and include among "them" the most recent addition to our faculty family, Glen Walton Harmon.

Mabel Krug '25

With the Classes

WITH THE SENIORS Class Officers

President	Robert Mears
Vice President	Wyatt Williams
Secretary	Mae Lowry
Treasurer	Floyd Garrison

The Seniors, with their proverbial dignity and all, made their official debut with the Class Day program given on the Friday before Christmas. The Journal edited by Margaret Richards and Frank Elmes, and the Christmas Letters written by Christine Hons and Floyd Garrison were unusually interesting. The one-act play, "The Hundred Thousand Dollar Club Paper," was well given with Evelyn Harris and Eleanore Davis in stellar roles.

Our class also took part in the social events of the school. The Carnival party given by the class at the beginning of the term was one of the most novel and successful parties held this year. All the school parties have been honored by the presence of the Seniors in large numbers.

Nineteen twenty-four took a prominent part in Athletics this year, displaying marked ability in all sports in which they participated. Everyone who witnessed the different games knows how many of the players were Seniors.

During the year we had numerous class meetings. At one of the first of these we selected class rings of which we are proud. We chose as our class motto "Launched but not anchored," and as our class flower, the red rose.

The personnel of our class includes numerous interesting individuals. Take for instance Lee Fahringer. He is so insignificant in stature that he is taking yeast, living in the hope that he will rise to greater height.

Bob Rosser is sorry winter is over for he misses the pleasure of unbuckling a certain fair damsel's galoshes.

I have told you little of what could be told of our class. If you wish to know any more about us, collectively or individually, you may inquire of such well informed persons as Doretta Miller, Frank Elmes and Kenneth Thomas. Besides other interesting and enlightening facts, they will tell you that the class of nineteen twenty-four is one of the best in the history of dear old B. H. S.

Miriam Warntz, '24.

WITH THE JUNIORS
Class Officers

President	Henry Traugh
Vice President	John Fairchild
Secretary	Dorothy Gilds
Treasurer	Hope Schalles

Many have been the class meetings held by the eighty- seven members of the class of 1925. At one of these meetings we chose the colors of maroon and gold to govern the remaining days of our high school career. Ties, caps and pennants of these colors were purchased and we are very much pleased with them.

There were several events of social importance that occurred during the early part of this year. A weenie roast was held at the Pollock home. Later on, a party was given in honor of the visiting basket-ball team, Lewisburg, after the game played with them. These were both delightful functions.

The most talked of affair, however, is the banquet which will be given the Seniors next month. Every Junior looks forward to this with a great deal of anticipation.

Our boys and girls have done well in athletics and we are proud of them. The class was well represented in girls' basket ball, and boasted several players on the boys' basket-ball and football teams.

In writing a more intimate history of the class, we would not neglect to mention Isadore Heicklen, leader of fashions. Isadore bears himself with an air of distinction whether swathed in half a dozen scarfs or emerging from a pair of galoshes which he keeps on all day.

If we Juniors look to Isadore for our fads in styles, we turn to "Bricky" Frantz for hints in the art of gracefulness. Every move of his suggests grace, particularly when he waves his arms in mid-air as if he were a butterfly.

In spite of other equally amusing persons and much nonsense in our midst, most of us, and especially we commercial Juniors, are very busy and consequently lead lives almost as exemplary as those enjoyed by the Seniors.

Progress is our desire and so, you see, we're working hard to make sure of it.

Annie Walton, '25.

WITH THE SOPHOMORES
Class Officers

President	Russel Fahringer
Vice President	Edward Gangwere
Secretary	Edna Cortright

Association with a Strong Bank

WILL BE OF GREAT VALUE
TO YOUR FUTURE
WELFARE



START AN ACCOUNT
WITH THE

Berwick National Bank . . .

The Big Bank on the Corner

Treasurer Lois Mitchell

With the dawn of a new school year, the Sophomores numbered one hundred and forty-three. A few have stopped in the midst of their schooling and have turned their careers elsewhere. But with the exception of these few, the Sophomores have kept up well in number.

We sorrowfully admit, that, as Freshmen, we were exceedingly slow in participating in social affairs, but this year we have been able to give a successful Valentine party. It was held at West Side on February 14. The building was decorated attractively, and we are sure that if the good old Saint himself could have been there he would have been pleased.

In regard to athletics, we are proud to boast that we were ably represented in each team, and we hope to remain so until we bid good-bye to B. H. S.

Ruth Baxter, '26.

AND THE FRESHMEN

Class Officers

President Wilbur Vaughn

Vice President Sheldon Kingsbury

Secretary Lenore Thomas

Treasurer Helen Smith

When school opened on September 4, 1923 we Freshmen, making up the largest class in school, numbered two hundred and nineteen. At the present time there are one hundred and eighty of us.

A few weeks after the opening of school a meeting was held for the purpose of organizing the class. The election of officers took place with the results given above.

On Saturday night February 16, a Freshmen Valentine Party was held at the High School building. We were entertained by a number of the boys who gave a minstrel show under the direction of "Ned" Sult, the comedian of our class. There were also several readings and musical numbers. After the program, games were played and refreshments served. Miss Erb, one of our class advisors, and the various committees deserve much credit for making the affair a success.

The class has been well represented in school athletics, three boys having made the football squad; five, the basket-ball squad, and three girls, the basket-ball squad.

In spite of the faults we are accused of having we are steadily improving and trust that '27 will be one of the best classes that has ever been graduated from Berwick High School.

Lucille Martz, '27.

Athletics



Top Row: left to right--McCracken, Coach; Holuba; Bittenbender; Ruch; Owens; Klinetob; Fahringer; McCluskie; Hinckley; Traugh; Mears; Drumm; Fedder; Benseoter; Holdren, Williams, Student Mgr.
Second Row: Confair; Frantz; Kingsbury; P. Kepner; Rosser, Capt.; I. Kepner; Brockway; H. Vaughn; Bailey.

FOOTBALL

In 1923 our football team was the strongest since the revival of the game in Berwick High four years ago. Too much credit cannot be given to Coach J. C. McCracken who had to deal with many difficulties such as new and inexperienced men, but who finally whipped them into a first class team.

The season's record stands with three victories, four defeats and one tie game. A brief resume of the games follows:

Catawissa H. S., 6; Berwick, 18.

As the score shows, Berwick opened the season in the right way by defeating this strong down river team. The game was more one-sided than the score would seem to indicate.

Plymouth H. S., 19; Berwick, 12.

This was a very close game and our opponents only succeeded in putting the ball over our goal for the winning points in the last few minutes of play.

Nanticoke 132; Berwick 0. Wanamie 14; Berwick, 0.

Benton H. S., 7; Berwick, 39.

We snapped out of our slump in fine fashion and the Benton rooters went home a sadder band than when they arrived.

Larksville H. S., 7; Berwick, 19.

Them's great words, Achilles! We all certainly did appreciate this game. Thus we dealt with Bloomsburg's substitutes and thus, we think, we would have dealt with Bloomsburg.

Danville H. S., 9; Berwick, 0.

"Twas sad, but the huskies from the vicinity of the asylum proved too much for us. You'll surely spare me the painful task of going into the unhappy details. Many thanks.

Milton H. S., 6; Berwick, 6.

On the day of the turkey we sat at the edge of our benches and yelled for Berwick in the daylight; we cheered in the dusk, and we roared in the dark. But even though we on the sidelines expended all this energy, the score remained a tie. However, most of us think that if the game hadn't been cut short because of darkness we would have finished the season as brilliantly as we had begun it.

The men who were awarded their football B's were: Captain Rosser, Ruch, Holuba, Owens, I. Kepner, Hinckley, Drumm, Bittenbender, P. Kepner, Traugh, McCluskey, Frantz, Fahringer, Klinetob, Brockway, Holden, Benscoter and Mears. Williams received a manager's B.

The prospects for next year's football team seem very good as practically the entire line and a part of the backfield will be back again. But the team will miss such ground gainers as, Rosser, Ruch and Holuba, and such husky linemen as Drum, Bittenbender and Fahringer.

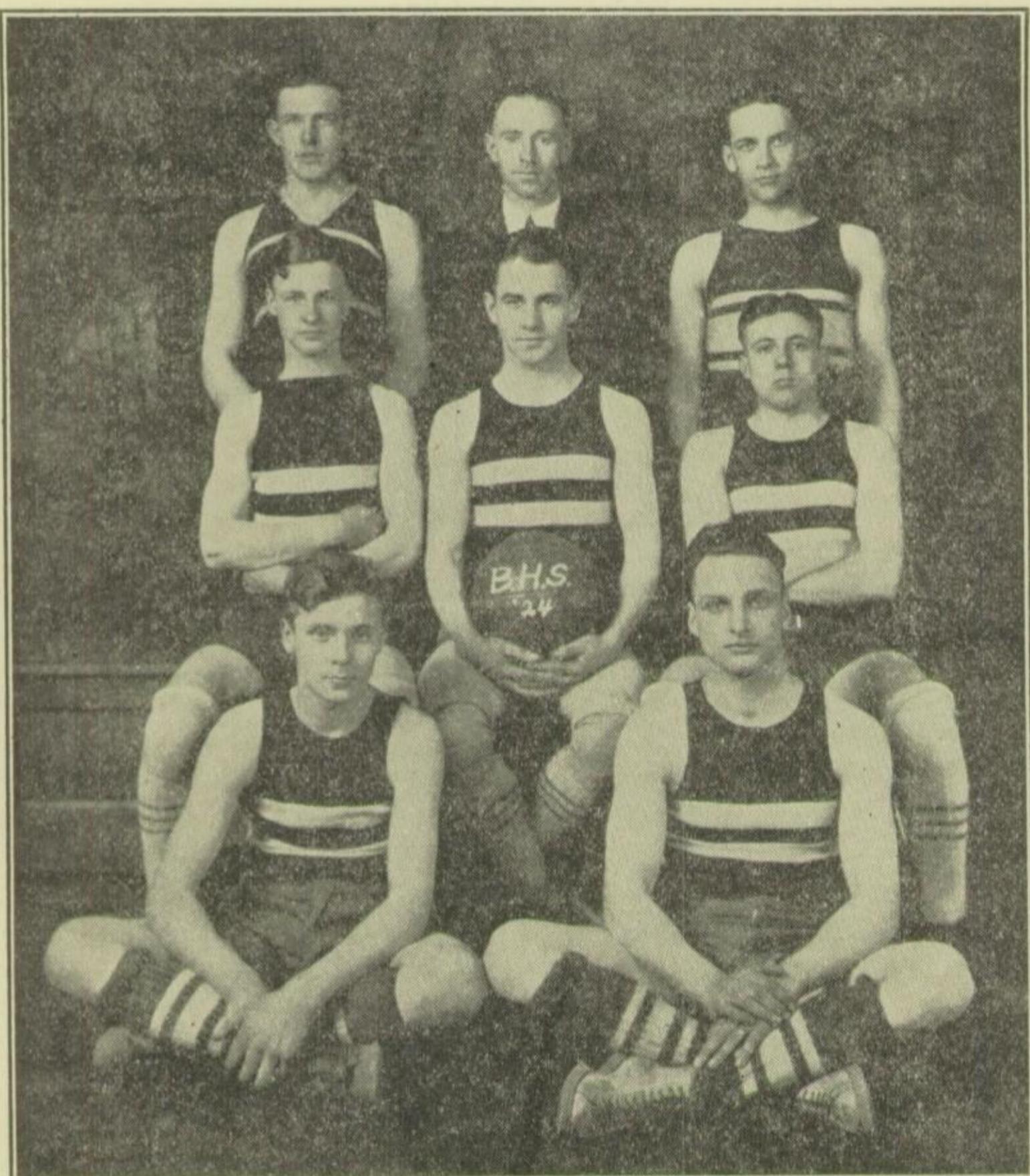
BASKET BALL

The basket ball season this year was not particularly successful, due in great part to the fact that we were in a league too fast for us. The defense of our team was superb, but there was proven to be something lacking when it came to making points.

The first game Berwick played was with Hazel Township. We beat them 57-6, and so started the season with a victory.

Our next victims were the quintette from Lewisburg, whom we trimmed by the narrow margin of one point. Ruch making a foul for the winning point after the game was over. The score was 26-25.

We next played the ex-high team who beat us 34-11. Thus those of superior years proved themselves superior.



Top Row--left to right: Klinetob; McCracken, Coach, Drumm;
Second Row: Rosser; Ruch, Capt.; Aimetti. Third Row: Seely; Confair

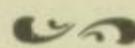
Next followed the league games. We played fifteen in all. Of these we won three and lost eleven. The season's schedule, with the result, follows:

Hanover	9	Berwick	15
Hazelton	22	Berwick	11
Wilkes-Barre	25	Berwick	16
Nanticoke	40	Berwick	13
W. Pittston	17	Berwick	13
Kingston	17	Berwick	8
Pittston	40	Berwick	36

Hanover	30	Berwick	25
Wilkes-Barre	41	Berwick	22
Hazelton	20	Berwick	23
Kingston	28	Berwick	24
Newport	25	Berwick	21
Nanticoke	30	Berwick	18
Pittston	23	Berwick	29
Newport	26	Berwick	16
<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Totals	393		290

Among the stars who will be in school next year are Seely, Kepner, Hinckley, Klinetob and Fedder, so a fine team is expected.

Those who received their B's are Ruch, Aimetti, Con-fair, Drumm, Seely, Rosser and Klinetob.



GIRLS' BASKET BALL

The call for candidates came early in the season and the sixty girls who responded were an indication of the enthusiasm felt among the students. The material was so promising that Miss Salem, our coach, had difficulty in making eliminations. During the first month we worked on the fundamentals of the game and broke in new players in order to give all a fair chance to make the squad.

After the eliminations were made hard practice began and we opened our season with a game played with the first ex-high girls' team of Berwick High School. The players were evenly matched as proven by the final score of 19-18, in favor of the high school team.

In our next game we met the Hazleton team on our home floor, and we were proud of the showing we made as Hazleton had the best girls' squad in the vicinity. The final score was 26-20.

The first out-of-town game was played at Northumber-land where the Berwick girls acquitted themselves unusually well. They outplayed Northumberland in every respect and brought home a cherished victory. Score 20-7.

West Pittston brought its girls' team here and played a fast game. Both teams were evenly matched and the game was a thriller. Every point was strongly contested, the game ending 17-17. West Pittston would not consent to an additional five minute period because one of its players had been disqualified on the personal foul ruling.



Top Row -left to right: Kellar; Salem, Coach; Michael, Mitchell.
Second Row--Zimmerman; Macdonald, Capt ; Dimmick
Third Row--Harris; Low.

Our team played Hazelton, at Hazleton, on February 15 and was ingloriously defeated. The husky Hazleton sextette played circles around our players and the game ended with the score 41-18.

The next two games with up-river teams played on their respective floors proved defeats for Berwick. The Kingston score was 43-11, and the West Pittston score, 21-8.

Northumberland's team visited our floor on March 8 and was again defeated by our players, making no field



Top Row--left to right: Bottiger, Student Mgr.; Trego; Harper; Confair;
Owens; Bower; Schooley, Coach,
Second Row--Labour; Smethers; Shrader; Fedder; Bailey.
Third Row--Holdren; Reedy; White

goals until the last quarter. The score was 30-10.

Although this was the first year that girls' rules were followed by the high school team they did good work and sustained their interest throughout the season. Much credit for this is due their coach, Miss Salem. The following players won, and were awarded the coveted "B": Evelyn Harris, Faye Kellar, Gertrude Dimmick, Lois Mitchell, Margaret Low, Jessie Zimmerman, and Mary Macdonald. Margaret Michael.

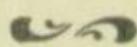
SPRING SPORTS

This spring Berwick High will take part in four sports. There will be a base ball team as usual, even if Fowler Field is torn up; a tennis team will be formed, and we expect to have a fine track team. Although little track work was done last year there is much promising material for it in school.

The fourth spring activity is to be foot ball practice. This will be begun in a few weeks in order to have a well drilled squad by fall.

Robert Mears, '24

Alumni



May Allen, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Madeline Amstadt, B. S. N. S., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.

Charles Arndt, Berwick National Bank, Berwick, Pennsylvania.

Elizabeth Baker, Eshleman's Insurance Office, Berwick, Pennsylvania.

Boyd Beagle, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Ernest Bottiger, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Bowman Bower, Endicott, New York.

Florence Bower, Reo Garage Office, Berwick, Pennsylvania.

Harry Bower, Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Lester Bower, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Russel Bower, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Rudolph Brown, B. S. N. S., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.

Helen Canouse, Y. M. C. A. Office, Berwick, Pennsylvania.

Howard Campbell, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

Lloyd Clewell, A. C. & F. Company, Berwick, Pennsylvania.

Paul Croft, State College, Pennsylvania.

Dorothy Dauber, Berwick, Pa.

Donald Deibler, Beckley College, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Kathryn Dildine, A. C. & F. Company, Office, Berwick, Pennsylvania.

Duval Dickson, Completed Business Course at Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pennsylvania.

Cleatus Drake, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Susan Drum, B. S. N. S., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.

Ben Feister, Globe Stores Inc., Berwick, Pennsylvania.

Lydia Fedder, C. W. Dickson, Attorney-at-Law, Berwick, Pennsylvania.

Ethel Fowler, Mike Bevilacqua's Store, Berwick, Pennsylvania.

Florence Gross, Office Blauners' Department Store, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

David Harper, Teaching in Briar Creek, Pennsylvania.

Maryan Hart, B. S. N. S., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.

Margaret Hartman, Berwick, Pennsylvania.

Sara Hendricks, Pennsylvania Power and Light Company, Office, Berwick, Pennsylvania.

Arline Hess, Beckley College, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Margaret Hess, Klinetob's Store, Foundryville, Pennsylvania.

Audrey Hidlay, B. S. N. S., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.

Herman Hill, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

Roland Hortman, Berwick Savings and Trust Company, Berwick, Pennsylvania.

Anna Jaffin, Teaching in Briar Creek, Pennsylvania.

Mike Jaffin, Kent, Ohio.

Henrietta Jarrard, Geisinger Hospital, Danville, Pennsylvania.

Geneva Kasnitz, B. S. N. S., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.

Hazel Kester, Berwick, Pennsylvania.

Roland Kinkade, A. C. & F. Co., Berwick, Pennsylvania.

Harry Labour, Berwick Ice Company, Berwick, Pennsylvania.

Alice Ludwig, B. S. N. S., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.

John Macdonald, Peddie Institute, Heightstown, New Jersey.

Lyle Mather, B. S. N. S., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.

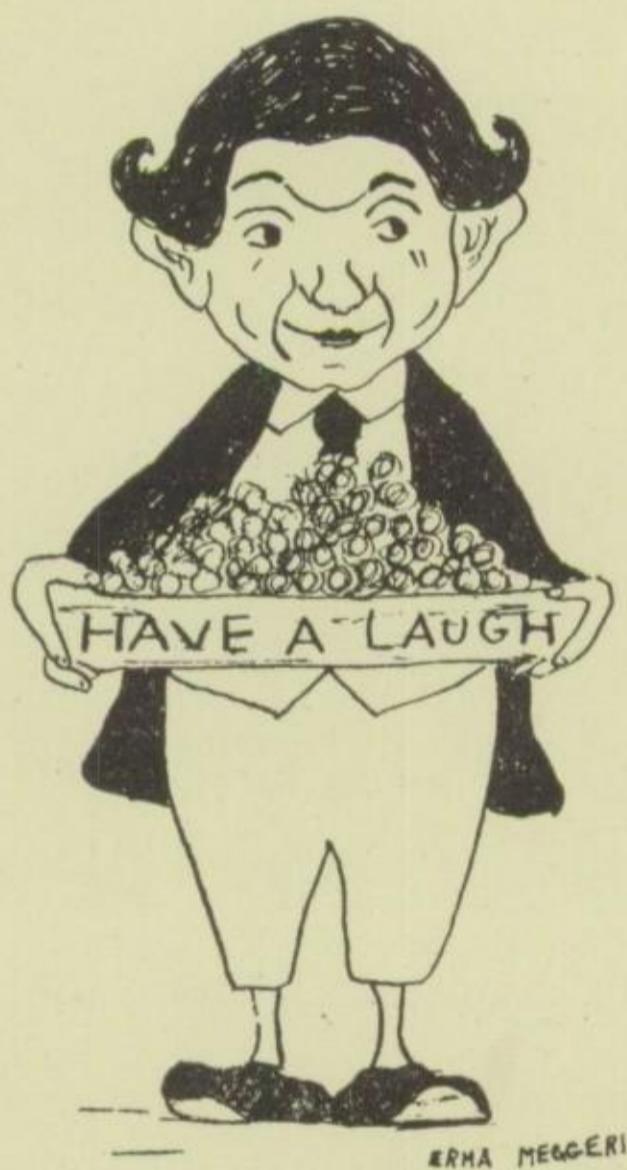
Sarah McNinch, Clewell's Creamery, Office, Berwick, Pennsylvania.

Ruth Mensinger, B. S. N. S., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.

Bessie Michael, B. S. N. S., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.

Grace Miller, B. S. N. S., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.
Helen Paden, Bon Ton Store, Berwick, Pennsylvania.
Harold Pollock, State College, Pennsylvania.
John Reedy, Moss Clothing Store, Berwick, Pennsylvania.
Harriet Rhinard, B. S. N. S., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.
Mildred Runyan, W. E. Elmes' Law Office, Berwick, Pennsylvania.
Geneva Schott, B. S. N. S., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.
Arlene Seely, Washington, D. C.
Fred Smethers, Tax Collector's Office, Berwick, Pennsylvania.
Joe Kleckner, B. S. N. S., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.
Ruth Moore, Berwick Store Company, Office, Berwick, Pennsylvania.
Genevieve Struthers, Illinois.
Flora Sult, Teaching in Briar Creek, Berwick, Pennsylvania.
Lawrence Sult, Farm.
Stella Sult, L. W. Woolworth, Berwick, Pennsylvania.
Willard Traugh, Philadelphia Bargain Store, Berwick, Pennsylvania.
Harry Trego, Sanitary Bakery, Berwick, Pennsylvania.
Forrest Ungemach, Wilkes-Barre Business College, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.
Grace Vaughn, Hood College, Frederick, Maryland.
Mary Vedro, Mausteller's Plumbing Office, Berwick, Pennsylvania.
Elizabeth Walp (Mrs. Ralph Smith), Beach Haven, Pennsylvania.
Harriet Walp, B. S. N. S., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.
Adrian Warntz, Syracuse, New York.
William Welliver, B. S. N. S., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.
Sara Wells, H. H. Long's Dental Office, Berwick, Pennsylvania.
Inez Wintersteen, B. S. N. S., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.
Alice Yoder, B. S. N. S., Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.

RUBS AND RUBBISH



BY

CHRISTINE HONS

WHO AM I?

I

My victim is the high school lad,
He may be good or he may be bad,
And think himself from me secure—
He'd better not be quite so sure.
I'll surely get him all the same,
It matters not what is his name.

II

I lurk unseen in hall of gloom
Or just within the door of room,
And there I stand and stilly wait,
Slyly, planning a dreadful fate
For those who whistle, talk, or shout,
As children do without a doubt.

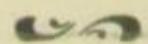
III

I search for terms so long, so deep,
Which on his blameless head I heap.
I cram him full of names and dates,
Theorems, outlines, all he hates,
All that puzzles his youthful brain.
That, I think, is my work in main.

IV

Who am I, do I hear you say?
Who is this monster of the day?
Is it some terrifying ghost
Of which the bravest fears to boast?
Oh no, my friends, that is not I—
But the faculty of Berwick High.

Iraleen Hull, '27



Junior: "I've half a mind to go into literature."
Senior: "You'll need a whole mind when you get
there."

Prof. out of patience with first hour Chemistry Class: "Some time ago I was advised to exercise with dumb-bells early every morning. Will the class please report before breakfast tomorrow?"

Prof.: "In this little bottle, is one of our most powerful acids. It eats practically all substances. In fact, it will kill a human being in eighty-five seconds. Is that plain to you?"

Bored voice from the rear of room: "Yes, but can't you demonstrate it?"

Stanley Holuba: "Was that your girl I saw you with last night?"

Dan Lewis: "Yes, why?"

Stanley: "Why man, she's no bigger than a piece of candy."

Lewis: "Maybe not, but she's much sweeter."

Mary Wagner: "Jimmy, what is a waffle?"

Jimmy: "A waffle is a pancake with cleats."

Ned Sult: "How far down the street shall we go with these bills?"

Pete Heiss: "Down to Orchard Street where the trolley bends."

Mother: "Floyd, you must stop using such dreadful language. Where in the world did you learn it?"

Floyd: "Well, Shakespeare uses it."

Mother: "Then don't play with him."

Teacher: "I suppose Robert will be looking for a Ph. D. when he leaves school?"

Mr. Rosser: "No, he will be looking for a J. O. B."

An old lady to Eleanore Davis: "Thank you so much for your song. It took me back to my childhood days on my father's farm, and while I listened, I seemed to hear the old gate creaking in the wind."

Teacher: "I thought you were going to send me a chicken for dinner last Sunday?"

Mary Freas: "I was, but it got better."

A NUMERAL BALLAD

It was evening in old Berwick
And a "storm" was raging there,
But it came not from the heavens
And it came not through the air.
By this "storm" I mean the battle
That caused our principal great alarm,
As the Seniors and the Juniors
Placed their numerals on the barn.
And they reached great heights in climbing
Each one working with his paint;
The Seniors kept the "kiddies" busy
Saying, "Now they're on"—"Oh, now they ain't."
"We are lost" the president shouted,
As he staggered through the hall
"The Seniors paint so 'nasty' big
You can't see ours at all."
"But" said one bright little Junior
As she took the president's arm,
"Don't we have the whole of next year
To paint our numerals on the barn?"
So they blessed the little Junior,
And they talked of better cheer;
And the numerals are there remaining
And will remain throughout the year.

Willard Glodfelter, '24.

Nellie F.: "Margaret Clewell is going to Europe."
Hannah M.: "Is that so? What on?"
Nellie F.: "She is sailing on the sixtha December."
Hannah M.: "That's a fine boat, I went over on it
last summer."

Barbara W.: "Evelyn isn't a bit afraid of a mouse."
Eleanore S.: "Well, she shouldn't be with her catty
disposition."

Can a board walk because a tomato can?

Nellie M.: "Mother thinks you are wonderful!"
Jinx W.: "Honest, what does your father thinks?"
Nellie M.: "Oh, he thinks mother is crazy."

Prof.: "Explain just what your head is, Alfred."

Alfred Hons: "It's a knot tied to the top of my spinal cord to keep my body from unraveling."

Modeska K.: "Why is it a fly can never see through a window?"

Henry T.: "I dunno."

Modesko K.: "Because they always leave their specks behind."

Ruth Baxter: "Why are the Juniors like real estate?"

Doris Johnson: "Because they are a vacant lot."

Lucille Martz: "I always sleep with my gloves on. That's why my hands are so soft."

Lenore Thomas: "H'm, I suppose you sleep with your hat on, too."

Robert Rosser: "Do you know Josephine Johnson reminds me of a magazine."

Willard Glodfelter: "Which one, 'Popular' ?"

Robert: "Nope, 'Everybody's' ".

Prof.: "That is the fifth time you have looked on Philip's paper.

Homer: "I couldn't help it, Phil's such a poor writer."

Prof.: "I gave your son a penny and he never thanked me for it."

Mr. Callaway: "No, you can't get anything for a penny now-days."

Izzy: "What becomes of all the bugs in winter?"

Ted Dunn: "You can search me!"

English Teacher: "What is 'In Memoriam' ?"

Wyatt: A race horse.

Floyd: "Did you hear about the Scout who saved nine lives at a fire yesterday?"

Maidy: "No, tell me about it."

Floyd: "He saved a cat."

Kenneth T.: "I never saw such dreamy eyes."

Dorothy G.: "You never stayed so late."

BIG CLEARANCE SALE

I

We're gona have a rummage sale,
Out at B. H. S.;
We're gona sell 'bout everything
'At we don't want, I guess.

II

There's lots of C's, D's, and E's
We'd sell by twos and threes,
'Cause we'd rather get 'xemption grades;
So buy 'em—all of 'em,—please.

III

We're sellin' small pink admits,
And pink excuses too;
They'd make right pretty wall-paper
Oh, can't we interest you?

IV

These long assignments—outside work,
We'll sell, without a doubt.
And the clippings we've decided
We can do quite well without.

V

Yes—we shall have a rummage sale,
Please wear your sweetest smile,
(We're sellin' frowns, an' things like that,
Because they're out o' style.)

VI

We hope you all will patronize;
We'll need your help that day.
And bring a cart—or somethin'
To carry your bundles away.

Iraleen Hull, '27

Mildred Matthews: "Iralene, I want to ask you a question."

Iralene Hull: "Well, what is it?"

Mildred: "Does Beechnut lose it's flavor if stuck on a bed post over night?"

Compliments of

Dentists of Berwick

DRS. LEGIEN

CREASY

MILLER

LONG

A Soph stood on the railroad track
The train was approaching fast,
The Soph stepped off the railroad track,
And let the train go past.
A Senior stood on the railroad track
The train was approaching fast,
The train stepped off the railroad track,
And let the Senior past.

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Teacher: "Isn't our new clock fast?"

David D.: "No, we can take it down whenever we want to."

Some days it's cold
Some days it's hot;
But what we want
Is what it's not.

Esther A.: "What's the argument in the chapel?"

Margaret F.: "Oh, that's the Boys' Glee Club."

Marion Paden: "Teacher, I forgot my pencil."

Teacher: "What would you think of a soldier who went to battle without his gun?"

Marion: "I'd think he was an officer."

Annie Walton: "Hey Ted, what are you doing? Surveying the town?"

Ted Dunn: "No, measuring it for a coffin. It's dead!"

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SCHEDULE

Leave Berwick

7.10 a.m. except Saturday
9.00 "
12.15 p. m.
3.15 "
6.15 "
10.00 " Except Saturday
10.30 " Saturday only

Leave Shickshinny

7.50 a. m.
10.00 "
1.15 p. m.
4.05 "
7.00 "
10.40 "
11.15 "

SUNDAY AND HOLIDAYS

10.00 a. m.
1.00 p. m.
6.00 "
9.30 "

11.00 a. m.
2.00 p. m.
7.00 "
10.15 "

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Don't Overlook O. W. GEORGE

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Plumbing, Spouting and Heating

300 MULBERRY ST.

"Here is a tie that is very much worn.

Harold R.: "I don't want one that is very much worn.
I've plenty of them at home."

Leona Werts: "I hear Mae Lowry is angry with her
doctor."

Eleanor Paden: "Yes, it's because he said he would
soon have her looking her old self again."

Peg Lowe: "Would you like to take a nice long
walk?"

Kishy: "Why, I'd love to!"

Peg: "Well, don't let me detain you."

Floyd: "I dreamed last night that I married the
most beautiful girl in the world."

Hannah: (excited) "Oh, were we happy?"

A colored school teacher is credited with the follow-
ing: "The word pant am an uncommon noun, because pants
am singular at the top and plural at the bottom."

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Lawn Mower and Skate Sharpening

REAR 114 CEMETERY

PHONE 392

Jimmy P.: "Do you know there are just two girls in this world I love."

Mary W.: "Now I suppose you are going to pull one and say I am both."

Jimmy: "No, you are neither of them."

Bob Mears (in English Class) "—and I'd give my pupils plenty of work for Satan always finds work for idle hands to do."

Now, reader, what did he mean?

Teacher: "Name all the teachers in this building."
Freshie: "Sorry, but their parents beat me to it."

Teacher: "What does a horse hair become in water?"
Maxine W.: "Wet."

Luther Smith: "I don't see why all the girls smile at me."

Boyd Shultz: "Well, I suppose they are too polite to laugh."

JANTZEN'S BUTTER-NUT

Bread Has Supreme Merit

Therefor You Should Eat More of it.

MEET ME AT

PULEN'S

Dance Parlor
22

Open Afternoons and Evenings

104 E. Front Street

Wanted—A good looking young woman to look after baby who has a fine voice and is accustomed to singing in the choir.

English Teacher: "What do you know about Pope's 'Homer'?"

Clarence R.: (Awakening from a nap) I think it won the World Series.

Lee Fahringer entering shoe store: "I would like to see a pair of shoes to fit me."

Clerk: "So would I."

Teacher: "Mr. Bailey, why are you taking this course in classics?"

Ink Bailey: "It gives me great inspiration toward higher learning."

Teacher: "Very good. Now, Mr. Rosser, why are you taking it?"

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409 WEST SECOND STREET

Compliments of

John Aimetti

Dealer in Flour, Feed and Coal

I FELL

I fell—I may as well confess,
It was the same old tale,
'Twas in gay company, of course,
The memory makes me quail.
Though kindly friends, who wished me well,
Their solemn warnings said,
I laughed, and on my fatal way
Kept recklessly ahead.
I fell—the very thought of it
Still fills my soul with shame,
I hear again the mocking jeers
That set my face aflame.
I fell—and as I did, my nose
Described the figure eight—
Upon the frozen pond where I
Was learning how to skate.

D. S.

Announcement

PURE WHITE LEAD AND LINSEED OIL PAINTS

Any Color You Desire.

This paint is positively guaranteed to give satisfaction

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Try and imagine:

Getting 99 per cent. in a Chemistry quiz.
Pewee without his Ford.
Winning two basket ball games in succession.
The entire Freshman Class on the "A" honor roll.
Getting excused from penmanship class.
Tae Bonham not asking for someone's powder puff.
Theodore K. as President of the U. S.
Floyd G. doing the tango.
Ruth Stout without chewing gum.
A foot ball score, Berwick 132—Nanticoke 0.

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Garrison's feeds will improve your fowls.
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The best of feeds rule in our mill,
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Bottled in sanitary bottles, and delivered
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Zoe: "Now Bill, sit down. I don't want to play with you. You pretend that big chair is the stove and you're piece of coal and can't get out.

Bill: (after a short interval) "Hey! Zoe, how soon you goin' to take out the ashes?"

Alfred Hons was fishing on the bank of a creek where catfish were the kind that could be legally taken. He had not been there long when he hooked and landed a fine bass which he put on his stringer and tied to a bush at the water's edge, thinking what a meal he would have that night.

Along came a warden and seeing the commotion in the water, spied the bass.

"Don't you know it's against the law to catch bass?" demanded the warden.

"Sure I do boss. I came down to this creek to catch a nice mess of catfish for mother and that bass bothered me so I just had to tie him up till I get through fishing."

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We make a Specialty of
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Reach, Lee, Draper and Maynard, McGregor, Rawlings lines are also available here.

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for Men who
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Stop in and try one of our
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taste as your own
Mother

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I wish I had

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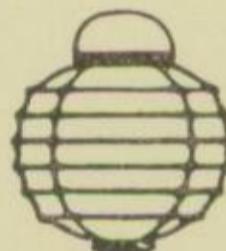
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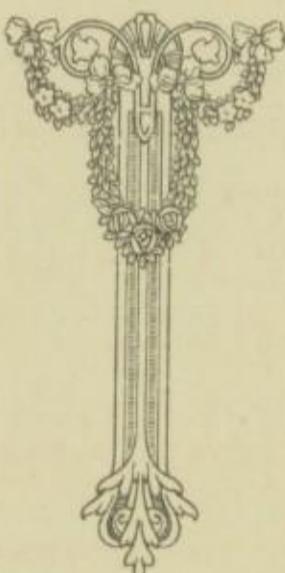
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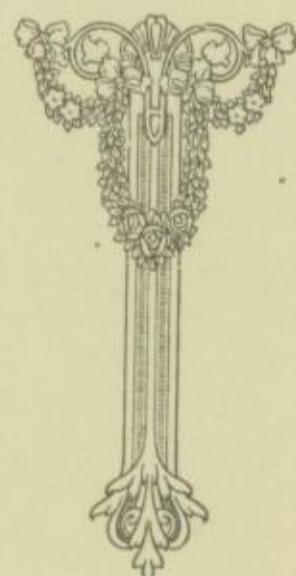
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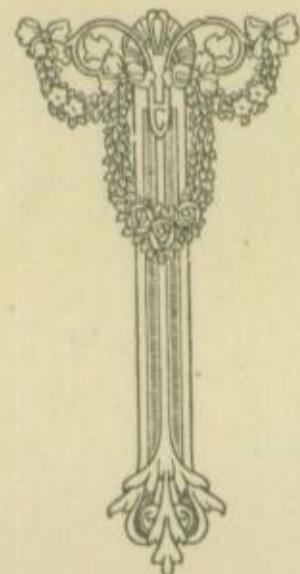


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